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TRUTH, JUSTICE, AND THE CONSTITUTION.

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L. D. STARKE.

TERMS.

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POETRY.

THE COUNTRY GIRL.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

A young face was like the May,
In blue and bloom are blent together;
The mow of fresh heaped hay,
Quick tread brushed the sea teal
Heather.

Brightest jewels gemmed the
cheek was dainty white and crimson;
Beneath her lashes shone,
Blue, blue flowers with golden
fringes on.

Sh winds blew her curls from
place,
Round her neck like amber drifted,
Gleaming hung—and her sweet
face
Like the heaven to which 'twas
lifted.

Laid in the old home chest,
Sawaw clasped her wrist or finger;
A modest garb the best,
By the home-hearth loved to linger.

Not gaudy theatre,
Auster ball room filled with
beauty,
Along mein had charms for her
round of life was love of duty.

In the cages in the wind,
Night faced boughs and leaves in
glitter

Often pause to hear what "Lind,"
All her skill yet failed to utter.
Every piping of the bird—
Pure-tones of the sunrise singer,
Richest notes are ever heard,
And the sweet peace of angels bring
her.

The morn, at sultry noon,
And night her soft voice changed;
The old house smiled like June,
A merry-musk seemed beauty-hann-
ed.

Songs followed her whose grace
A gift of heart perfect pleasure;
Gleaming charms made rare her
face,
That coaxed them was the
treasure.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE DUEL.

The year 1805, when the peace of
put a stop to the conquests of Na-
in Germany, the King of Prussia,
led by his astonishing efforts, to
the war against France, re-
his army to the peace establish-
Consequently many Prussian of-
ficers were stationed at Hamburg,
and far from the war, were dismissed
service for a time; and a life
of idleness and activity gave
to habits of idleness and dissipa-

the early part of September, sev-
these officers having dined to-
and sacrificed rather freely at
true of the jolly dog, adjourned
the most noted hotel in the city,
entered singing and shouting in
most tumultuous manner setting at
the rules of propriety and de-
The youngest of the joyous
the Baron de V—, who bore
the commission of a lieutenant in
the war of twenty-five years of
rally, hand-ome, and elegantly
dressed. But his mind did not cor-
respond with his person; he was vain,
self-conceited and presuming.

They entered the public room
in a most boisterous manner, they observed
individual of small stature, in a dark
coat, seated alone at a table; he held in
his hand a glass of wine, and while
he supported a pipe. He paid but
attention to the entrance of this
strange being, scarcely
glance to raise his eyes from the pa-
per he was reading. The young Baron,
seeing this, approached the man in
a most familiar manner, and with a
smile of bitter

irony—'Ah, my friend, good evening.
From your appearance I should take
you to be a schoolmaster—or, perhaps,
a tailor—am I right? Where is your
goose?'

The citizen raised his eyes, and fixed
them for a moment on the countenance
of his interrogator, and then resumed the
perusal of the journal.
'God forgive me my sins,' continued
the Baron, 'he will not answer me.—
Come my little fellow, we must be more
sociable. Ah! I perceive the reason of
your silence; that pipe incommodates
you. As I must hear the sound of your
voice, allow me to relieve you.' So
saying, he snatched the pipe from the
hand of the stranger, and dashed it to
pieces on the floor; a piece of wit which
his companions applauded with shouts
of laughter.

Without laying down the journal, the
insulted individual turned toward the
entrance of the inner room, and coolly
said, 'Waiter, another pipe.'

'Well done,' resumed the young im-
pertinent, 'I have gained something,
however. I have made him open his
mouth.'

The pipe was brought, filled and light-
ed, and the citizen continued to peruse
the journal, as if nothing had happened.
'My little man,' said the Baron,
'where do you belong? In what village
do you exercise your talents? What!
No answer! Have you resolved to en-
ter into no conversation with me?'

Here the insulted person again raised
his head, and looked the officer full in
the face, at the same time puffing out an
immense volume of smoke; he then de-
liberately resumed his former occupa-
tion.

'Perhaps I was mistaken in your char-
acter,' interrupted the Baron—'you may
be the quondam of a village, and per-
haps, an endeavoring to commit to mem-
ory the news which that paper contains,
to impart it correctly to your friends
and neighbors. But you smoke like a
Swiss. That pipe causes you great in-
convenience.' It was a second time
broken.

Without evincing by a gesture or any
visible change of countenance, the least
appearance of anger, the man in black
coolly repeated his first demand—'Wait-
er, another pipe.'

'What a melodious voice!' resumed
the Baron. 'Such patience must be the
attributes of an angel or devil. I would
give a thousand dollars to see you in a
passion. It would be delicious sport!'

An old Major, whose embroidered
coat was decorated with military orders
and on whose German physiognomy
was depicted frankness, true courage
and loyalty, who entered the coffee
house with these hairbrained youths,
now addressed the Baron in a low voice,
but which notwithstanding, could be
heard in all parts of the room. 'My
young friend, you are insulting a stran-
ger without provocation—you are fool-
ishly guilty of a great impertinence, and
your conduct, and that of your applaud-
ing confederates, begins to disgust me. I
beg you will pursue this foolish joke no
farther.'

The Baron, with his companions, ac-
cordingly adjourned to a neighboring
room, and commenced playing at cards.
To judge from their numerous jokes, fol-
lowed by loud peals of laughter, it would
seem that the young officer's folly and
impudence were already forgotten.

An hour passed away, all was mirth
and jollity; the Baron had gained a con-
siderable sum, and his spirits were pro-
portionately buoyant, when the little
man in black entered the room, and
slowly approaching his chair, tapped
him gently on the shoulder, and request-
ed to speak with him in another apart-
ment. The Baron regarded him with a
look of disdain over his shoulder; utter-
ed an ill-timed jest, and laughed in his
face.

'Sir,' said the man in black, in a de-
cided and manly tone, 'you labor under
a trifling mistake, which I must be at
some pains to correct. I am neither a
tailor nor a schoolmaster. I have the
honor to be a Post Captain in the En-
glish navy, very much at your service.
You have insulted me and I demand sat-
isfaction; if you refuse it, I shall find
means to obtain it. To-morrow morning,
at seven o'clock, I shall await you here.
Bring pistols with you.'

The astonished Baron, who during
this address had risen from his chair,
changed countenance more than once,
and answered only by a bow of acquies-
cence; he dared not trust himself to
speak, lest his tongue should betray his
terror. The Captain politely saluted
the rest of the company, and left the
house.

With him departed all the gaiety of
the lieutenant. He became thoughtful
and taciturn; his mind wandered from
the game, and he soon lost more than
he had gained. He was unnerved with
terror, while reflecting on the conse-
quences of his folly. What an advan-
tage must an adversary possess over
him, who could bear with so much calm-
ness a series of degrading insults, and
who could propose a duel with such im-
perturbable sang froid! Such an antag-
onist must surely be singularly endowed
with courage and skill! Such were the
ideas which continually passed through
his mind.

When the company separated, they
all agreed to meet at the same place at
the appointed hour. But it is not to be
supposed that they all slept equally well
during the night. When they assembled
the next morning at the coffee house,
they found the Englishman before them
at their rendezvous, but he was now
dressed in a splendid suit of naval uni-
form of his nation. He was attended by
a valet, who carried a case under his
arm.

He requested the officers to accept of
some refreshment; and they entered in-

to conversation, when the Englishman
gave indications of possessing a culti-
vated mind, and a knowledge of the forms
of society and good breeding.

At about eight o'clock, he arose from
his chair, and begged the Prussian officer
to select the spot where their quarrel
must be decided, adding that he was a
stranger in the city, and that all places
were alike to him. The Baron named
the open pastures, lying between Ham-
burg and Altona.

When they arrived on the ground, the
Englishman asked the Prussian what
distance he would prefer; he answered,
fifteen paces. 'That distance is too
great,' resumed the Englishman; 'you
will miss me. Call it ten if you please.'
And his proposition was adopted.

The Major now made the observation
that the Captain had no second. 'That
is of little consequence,' said the En-
glishman, 'if I fall, my valet has my or-
ders.' The Major represented that such
a proceeding was contrary to the usage
in affairs of this kind, and that if such
a formality was neglected, the duel could
not take place—but he politely offered
to assist in that capacity.

When the ground was marked out,
and each of the principals had taken his
station, the Captain asked his antag-
onist significantly, if he had good pistols—
for, said he, 'I have a pair which I have
often used, and which never miss their
mark. I will give you proof of their ex-
cellence.'

He then called his servant, and or-
dered him to throw something into the
air. The man took a handkerchief from
his pocket. 'That is too large,' said the
Captain, 'find something else.' He then
took from his pocket a dried prune.—
That will do,' exclaimed his master.—
The fruit was thrown into the air, the
pistol was fired and the prune was
shattered into a thousand pieces. At
his extraordinary proof of address, the
spectators were struck with astonish-
ment. As to the poor Lieutenant, he
was more dead than alive.

The Captain now resumed his station
and requested his antagonist to fire; but
the Major interposed, stating that it was
contrary to the custom of the country,
that the offended party had an undoubt-
ed right to make the first essay, and af-
ter his fire was fired, the rest should
be decided by chance.

'My friend,' replied the Captain, 'if
I should suffer myself to be influenced
by your opinion, this young gentleman
would never have another opportunity
to test the quality of his pistols. I must
have my own way in this particular; and
after I have settled the affair with this
gentleman, each of his companions, who
amused themselves last evening at my
expense, and who, instead of restraining
the impertinence of their friend, laugh-
ed at his ridiculous follies, must one af-
ter another front the muzzle of my
pistol. Now, sir, I am ready. Take
good aim—for if you miss me you are a
dead man.'

The Lieutenant presented his weapon,
drew his trigger, and the ball passed
through the Englishman's hat.

'It is now my turn,' said the Cap-
tain. 'I was last evening a but for your
raillery, for your sarcasms. Without
provocation you insulted me, covered me
with humiliations. I was a schoolmas-
ter, a tailor, a village babler. What
am I now? A traitor! And what are
you? A miserable wretch, a poltroon,
trembling with fear. The death which
in a few minutes you will receive from
my hand, already surrounds you with
shadows. The grim tyrant's icy hand is
already extended over you—your lips
are livid; your eyes are glazed; and
your visage is as pale as the winding
sheet, which in a few hours will en-
velop your body. Your feeble limbs can
hardly support you; for insolence and
cowardice go hand in hand together.—
But, before my bullet pierces your heart,
tell me, have you any arrangements to
make? have you a last adieu to send a
mother, a father, a sister, or any other
person who is dear to you? I have
here the material necessary for writing;
and will willingly grant you time to
make any arrangements which you may
think necessary.'

The young man muttered something,
of which a humble I think you, was all
that was intelligible.
'In that case,' resumed the English-
man, 'since reconciliation between us
is absolutely impossible, and as it is ne-
cessary that your blood should wash out
the affronts which I have received, I
beg you to implore, by a fervent but
brief mental prayer the mercy of the
Eternal Power.'

Then taking off his hat, he looked
round upon the mute and terrified spec-
tators of this imposing scene, who, by a
spontaneous impulse, uncovered them-
selves likewise. For a minute there
reigned among the group a religious and
solemn silence, which was interrupted
only by the hard breathings of the suf-
fering Lieutenant.

At length raising his pistol, and point-
ing it towards the Lieutenant, he kept
him for a minute in a state of the most
horrible suspense; then suddenly raising
the weapon, he turned towards his valet,
who stood near and handed him the
pistol. 'Take it,' said he, 'this officer
is not worthy the honor of dying by the
hand of an Englishman.'

The next day the Baron de V—
quitted that part of the country and never
resumed his station in the regiment.
'I meant to have told you of that
hole,' said a man to a friend who had
stumbled into a pit full of water.
'No matter now, no matter now,'
said the other, blowing the mud and
water out of his mouth, 'I have found it.'

Keep out of bad company, for the
chance is, that when the devil fires into
a flock, he will hit somebody.

A MODERN ANNANIAS.

BY A. JAX, ESQ.

'Old Steve,' or 'lying Stephens,' as
he was familiarly termed, by virtue of a
strong original genius and indefatigable
perseverance and application, had ac-
quired the reputation of being the great-
est liar that ever existed in the State of

Whenever he made his ap-
pearance, therefore, at muster or training,
he was sure to be surrounded by a host
of eager listeners. He greatly excelled
the renowned Munchausen who simply
told extravagant stories, and sometimes
blundered on the truth. Steve, on the
other hand, never told a word of truth,
even by mistake, in all his life, and lied
circumstantially, and in every particular.
In short it came to him as natural as
eating and drinking, or rather, as breath-
ing, for he not only lied to listeners, but
even when he had no other person to
talk to, he would tell lies to himself, just
to keep his hand in. This fact was as-
certained beyond a doubt by his deny-
ing it in the most solemn manner when
somebody accused him of the practice.

It was Mr. Stephens' good misfortune
one time to lose a great deal of money
on a horse race. This made him feel
uncommonly serious, so he went to a
camp-meeting, which was held about
five miles from his residence, to see if
he could make up a little by 'shaking
props' with the boys. They happened,
however, to be too much for him that
time, and he was completely cleaned
out. This made our friend feel if possi-
ble more serious than ever, and as there
happened to be a powerful preacher
there, who could make himself heard at
the distance of a mile, he thought he
would turn over a new leaf at once.—
When he got home, therefore, the first
thing he did was to send for the minis-
ter. The worthy man came, and to his
amazement found that Stephens wanted
to join the church!

'I have no hesitation in laying your
proposition before the brethren,' said
the good old man, trying to smother a
laugh.

'Ob course you haint,' responded
Steve, with great confidence.
'And if you could give satisfactory
evidence of the amendment, Mr. Steph-
ens,' continued the minister, emphasiz-
ing the word, 'they might take you
on probation; at any rate, we have a
meeting to-night, and can let you know
to-morrow.'

'Probation be d—dogged!' ejacu-
lated Steve as the minister hastily retreat-
ed; 'why can't they let me join at once,
while I feel like it?'

The proposition, as might have been
expected, created a real sensation.—
There was hardly a member of the church
male or female, who had not at some
time or other, been victimized by Steph-
ens' slanderous tongue, and they could
hardly hear his name with patience.—
Some of them went so far as to say that
if he joined they would leave, and that
settled the matter, for they were among
the 'fore-handed' members who could not
allow to lose them. However to avoid
any trouble with an unscrupulous fellow
like Steve, it was resolved to bellow
the matter to him as easily as possible.
Two of the most respectable men in the
church were appointed to call on him,
and it was generally understood, such
was their known mildness of disposition,
that every possible excuse consistent
with truth would be made for not re-
ceiving him.

The rest of the story must be told in
Steve's own words.
'When old Deacon Peabody came
along I sat in the back door with a hoe-
handle, and I hope to suffer if I was
not made enough to rare right up. A coun-
sel of my wife's, whose sister was a mem-
ber, had come over and told us all about
it.'

'Good mornin', Mr. Stephens,' says
the old hypocrite, with a face as long as
a yard of pump water.

'I said nothing, but kept on whittling.
'I came down to see you this morn-
ing, says he.

'Wal,' says I, how do you like my
looks?'

'O,' says he, 'what I mean is, that I
came down to labor with you.'

'Work away then, why don't you?'

'But Mr. Stephens,' said he very sol-
emnly, 'the church sent me down to talk
with you a minute.'

'Wal,' says I, 'takin' for more than
five minutes, Deacon Peabody, says I,
and you've said nothing yet, now when
are you goin' to begin?'

The old Israelite looked mad enough
to bite my head off at a snap, but he
thought it best to keep cool, so he drew
a long breath and went on:
'Nobody wants to hurt your feelings,
or make any trouble, Mr. Stephens, but
the church have come to the conclusion
that perhaps on the whole, under the
circumstances, and in view of everything
it might be possibly best all round, and
taking all things into consideration, for
you not to be hasty in applying just at
present. They think on mature reflec-
tion, that it might be as well if you'd
conclude to postpone it a little while,
say for a year or eighteen months.'

'They dew? Wal, now Deacon, what
makes 'em think so? The church aint
full is it?'

This was a hard question. The old
sarpint knew very well that it wouldn't
answer to say he didn't know—for, he
knew 'fast enough—and knew that I
knew he did. So says he:
'Mr. Stephens, I'm sorry you're so
riled about it; you've no occasion, I
didn't come to offend; you know as well
as I do why the church dont accept
you.'

'If I knew, I wouldn't ask you to tell
me, Deacon Peabody.'

'Well,' says he 'don't you know what

large stories you're in the habit of tell-
ing?'

'Who says I tell large stories?' says
I; 'it's an ontruth and you can't prove
it aint'. Now, aint it a shame for a
man like you to go around scandalizing
a neighbor that way? What a story of
mine did you ever hear that wasn't true!
Come, lay your finger on the first story
I and I won't say another word.'

'Why, there's so many on 'em an-
swered the Deacon, that it is almost
impossible to specify any one in par-
ticular. But now I think on't; don't you
remember that story you told about your
father being killed by a bear?'

'My father being killed by a bear?'
says I; 'there it is now! That's just the
way folks lie about me! It's an ontruth,
like the rest on 'em, and you ought to
be ashamed, Deacon Peabody, to be run-
ning round tellin' things that aint so.'

'Well,' said he pretty short, 'you
made that 'ere observation about often
enough; if you didn't say your father
was killed by a bear, what was it you
did say?'

'I'll tell you: I said that father was
one of the first men to bring sheep into
this town, and that's no story, is it?'

'No,' said he, 'it aint.'

'And I said that one day he lost one
of them ere sheep in the woods—and
that's likely, if it aint true—and when
he was looking for it, I said he came
across a bear. The bear growled at
dad, and he hollered at the bear; and
finally the bear came at him, and tore
all his insides out, and then your father,
Deacon Peabody—who was a respecta-
ble man, sir, and would never a gone
about town scandalizing his neighbors—
your father heard my father holler and
came up, and seeing how matters stood,
ran for the doctor. When the doctor
came, the first thing he did was to take
a sheep and cut its insides out, and put
them in the place of dad's, and I never
said dad was killed by that bear?'

No, sir! I told the naked truth. I
said he grew as well as ever he was,
except that he hankered after hay all
the winter, and had wool enough grown to
make him an overcoat in the spring! You
don't call that a large story, I hope. If
you won't let a fellow join the church
because he tells the truth, you won't
find many decent members, I guess!'

The old man riz right straight up and
walked away without saying a word.—
What he thought I never could find out,
for the old christian han't opened his
head to me since.—Carpel Bug.

THE LAST MOMENTS OF BEE- THOVEN.

He had but one happy moment in his
life, and that moment killed him.

He lived amid poverty, driven into soli-
tude by the contempt of the world, and
by the natural bent of a disposition, ren-
dered harsh, almost savage, by the in-
justice of his contemporaries. But he
wrote the sublimest music that ever
man or angel dreamed. He spoke to
mankind in his divine language, and
they despaired to listen to him. He
spoke to them as Nature speaks in the
celestial harmony of the winds, the
waves, the singing of the birds amidst
the woods. Beethoven was a prophet,
and his utterance was from God.

And yet was his talent so disregarded,
that he was destined more than once to
suffer the bitterest agony of the poet,
the artist, the musician. He doubted
his own genius.

Haydn himself could find for him no
better praise than in saying, 'He is a
clever pianist.'

Thus was it said of Gericault, 'He
blends his colors well,' and thus of Go-
ethe, 'He has a tolerable style, and he
commits no faults in orthography.'

Beethoven had but one friend, and
that friend was Hummel. But poverty
and injustice had irritated him, and he
was sometimes unjust himself. He
quarrelled with Hummel, and for a long
time they ceased to meet. To crown his
misfortunes, he became completely deaf.

Then Beethoven retired to Baden,
where he lived, isolated and sad, in a
small house that scarcely sufficed for
his necessities. There his only pleasure
was in wandering amidst the green al-
leys of a beautiful forest in the neigh-
borhood of the town. Alone with the
birds and the wild flowers, he would
then suffer himself to give scope to his
genius, to compose his marvellous sym-
phonies, to approach the gates of heaven
with melodious accents, and to speak
aloud to angels that language which was
too beautiful for human ears, and which
human ears had failed to comprehend.

But in the midst of his solitary dream-
ing, a letter arrived which brought him
back, despite himself, to the affairs of
the world, where new griefs awaited
him.

A nephew whom he had brought up,
and to whom he was attached by the
good offices which he had himself per-
formed for the youth, wrote to implore
his uncle's presence at Vienna. He
had become implicated in some disas-
trous business, from which his elder
relative alone could release him.

Beethoven set off upon his journey,
and, compelled by the necessity of
economy, accomplished part of the dis-
tance on foot. One evening he stopped
before the gate of a small, mean-looking
house, and solicited shelter. He had
been several leagues to traverse be-
fore reaching Vienna, and his strength
would not enable him to continue any
longer on the road.

They received him with hospitality;
he partook of their supper, and then was
installed in the master's chair by the
fire-side.

When the table was cleared, the father
of the family arose and opened an
old clavichord. The three sons took each
a violin, and the mother and daughter
occupied themselves in some domestic
work.

The father gave the key-note, and all
four began playing with that unity and
precision, that innate genius, which is
peculiar only to the people of Germany.
It seemed that they were deeply inter-
ested in what they played, for their
whole souls were in the instruments.

The two women desisted from their oc-
cupation to listen, and their gentle coun-
tenances expressed the emotions of their
hearts.
To observe all this was the only share
that Beethoven could take in what was
passing, for he did not hear a single
note. He could only judge of their
performance from the movements of the
executants, and the fire that animated
their features.

When they had finished, they shook
each other's hands warmly, as if to con-
gratulate themselves on a community of
happiness, and the young girl threw
herself weeping into her mother's arms.
Then they appeared to consult together;
they resumed their instruments; they
commenced again. This time their en-
thusiasm reached its height; their eyes
were filled with tears, and the color
mounted to their cheeks.

'My friends,' said Beethoven 'I am
very unhappy that I can take no part in
the delight which you experience, for I
also love music; but, as you see, I am
so deaf that I cannot hear any sound.
Let me read this music which produces
in you such sweet and lively emotions.'

He took the paper in his hand, his
eyes grew dim, his breath came short
and fast; then he dropped the music,
and burst into tears.

These peasants had been playing the
allegretto of Beethoven's symphony in
A.

The whole family surrounded him,
with signs of curiosity and surprise.

For some moments his convulsive
sobs impeded his utterance; then he
raised his head, and said, 'I am Bee-
thoven.'

And they uncovered their heads, and
bent before him in respectful silence.
Beethoven extended his hands to them,
and they pressed them, kissed, wept
over them; for they knew that they had
among them a man who was greater
than a king.

Beethoven held out his arms and em-
braced them all—the father, the mother,
the young girl, and her three brothers.

All at once he rose up, and sitting
down to the clavichord, signed to the
young men to take up their violins, and
himself performed the piano part of this
chef d'œuvre. The performers were
alike inspired; never was music more
divine or better executed. Half the
night passed away thus, and the peasants
listened. Those were the last ac-
cents of the swan.

The father compelled him to accept
his own bed; but during the night Bee-
thoven was restless and fevered. He
rose; he needed air; he went forth with
naked feet into the country. All nature
was exalting a majestic harmony: the
winds sighed through the branches of
the trees, and moaned along the ave-
nues and glades of the wood. He re-
mained some hours wandering thus
amidst the cool dews of the early morn-
ing; but when he returned to the house,
he was seized with an icy chill. They
sent to Vienna for a physician; dropsy
on the chest was found to have declared
itself, and in two days, despite every
care and skill, the doctor said that Bee-
thoven must die.

And, in truth, life was every instant
ebbing fast from him.

As he lay upon his bed, pale and suf-
fering, a man entered. It was Hum-
mel—Hummel, his old and only friend.
He had heard of the illness of Bee-
thoven, and he came to him with suc-
cor and money. But it was too late: Bee-
thoven was speechless; and a grateful
smile was all that he had to bestow upon
his friend.

Hummel bent toward him, and, by
the aid of an acoustic instrument, en-
abled Beethoven to hear a few words of
his compassion and regret.

Beethoven seemed reanimated, his
eyes shone, he struggled for utterance,
and gasped, 'Is it not true, Hummel,
that I have some talent after all?'

These were his last words. His eyes
grew fixed; his mouth fell open, and his
spirit passed away.

They buried him in the little cemetery
of Dobling.

The best anecdote of Lorenzo
Dow is, that being one evening at the hotel
kept by one Bush, in Delhi, N. Y., the
residence of the celebrated Gen. Root,
he was importuned by the latter gentle-
man, in the presence of the landlord, to
describe heaven.

'You say a great deal of that place,'
said the General, 'tell us how it looks.'

Lorenzo turned his grave face, and
long waving beard, towards the General
and Mr. Bush, and replied, with imper-
turtable gravity—
'Heaven, my friends, is a vast extent
of smooth rich territory. There is not a
root or a bush in it, and there never will
be.'

We heard the other day a good
one of John Check who always had his
eyes cocked both ways for justice, and

SYNOPSIS OF HUNTER'S BILL.

The first section provides that the minimum price of the public lands of the United States shall be reduced after the 1st of July, 1855, and sold according to the following scale: For lands which shall have been offered at public sale and remain unsold five years, one dollar per acre; for lands which shall have been offered at public sale and remain unsold ten years, seventy-five cents an acre; for lands which have been offered at public sale and remain unsold fifteen years, fifty cents an acre; for lands which have been offered at public sale and remain unsold twenty years, twenty-five cents an acre; and for lands which shall have been offered at public sale and remain unsold thirty years, twelve and a half cents an acre; provided that the graduated process, from fifty cents to twenty-five cents an acre, shall not take place until the lands in the fifty-cent class shall have been exposed to sale for a period of at least two years, at the price of fifty cents per acre, after which the price of the said lands shall be reduced to twenty-five cents per acre.

The second section provides that whenever a State shall desire to acquire a pre-emption right to all the lands, or to all the lands of any certain class and price, within its borders, for other purposes than a railroad or canal, and signifies the same to the President of the United States by an act of its Legislature, they shall be granted on the following terms: That said State may, at the price of said lands above that prescribed in the first section of this act, reserving the excess to itself; provided that the title shall not pass to the purchaser until he has paid the price fixed in the said first section to the U. States, and that the lands shall be subject to the same legal subdivisions in the sale and survey as are now provided by law, further, that any State which shall accept the provision of this act, and shall pre-empt any lands under it, shall take them in full of the five per cent, land thereafter to become due from the proceeds of said lands. But any State accepting the provisions of this and the preceding section shall take the lands at the price fixed for each particular class, and no lands shall be sold by them for twenty-five cents an acre until they shall have been previously subject to entry through a period of two years at the price of fifty cents per acre, to be paid to the U. States.

The third section provides that whenever a State shall charter a railroad or canal to run through the lands of the United States, and such State shall accept the benefit of the provisions hereof prescribed by an act to be passed at a general session of its Legislature, upon due notice being given of the fact to the Secretary of the Interior, it shall be his duty to set apart, of the public lands seven thousand six hundred and eighty acres per mile of railroad or canal, within twelve miles on each side, and as near the route of such railroad or canal as possible, and the same shall be withdrawn from sale or entry by public advertisement of the Secretary of the Interior, except in the manner and form hereinafter prescribed. The price of these lands shall have not yet been offered at public sale, or for those which have been subject to private entry less than five years, seventy-five cents for those which have been subject to entry more than five years and less than ten years, fifty cents for those which have been subject to entry more than ten years.

The fourth section provides that whenever a State through which such railroad or canal passes, and in which the said lands lie, shall desire to do so, it may select, as pre-emptor, all the lands so reserved at the minimum prices designated in the third section of this act; but the State must take up and pay in cash for said land within ten years from the time when set apart by the Secretary of the Interior, or otherwise its right to such of them as remain unsold shall be forfeited. But before the expiration of this period the State may sell the lands thus reserved to individuals or corporations, provided that no title shall vest in the purchaser until he pays to the receiver of the proper land office of the United States, for the use of the United States, the price herein fixed as the price per acre for which lands shall be sold.

The fifth section provides that, in the event of a difference between the Postmaster General and the railroad company as to the compensation for carrying the mails, the matter shall be settled by mutual agreement between the Postmaster General and the Governor of the State in which such railroad lies.

The sixth section provides that the land purchased by any State, under the provisions of the third section of this act, shall be applied by said State for the construction of the railroad or canal for which they were reserved; and that no lands shall be included within the operation of this act to which the Indian title has not been extinguished.

The seventh section provides that this act shall in no way apply to town or village property, either in lots or to interests, nor be construed as to interfere with any pre-emption claim, or to lands reserved sections on railroad grants, or other purposes, under any existing laws of the United States, nor to any of the mineral lands of the United States.

The eighth section provides that any free white person, who is the head of a family, or who has arrived at the age of twenty-one years, and is capable of holding lands under the laws of the State in which the lands lie, or if they lie in a Territory, then any person who is capable of acquiring a pre-emption under the laws of the United States, shall, from and after the passage of this act, be entitled to enter one quarter section of vacant and unappropriated public lands, and no more, which may at the time the application is made be subject to private entry, or a quantity equal thereto, to be located in a body, conformity with the legal subdivisions of the public lands; provided, that lands ceded by any Indian treaty stipulating for the payment to such Indians of the net proceeds of the sales of the ceded lands shall not be subjected to the operations of this act, except at the graduated prices fixed therefor.

The ninth section provides that the person applying for the benefit of the

foregoing eighth section shall, upon application to the register of the land office in which he or she is about to make such entry, make affidavit before the said register that he or she is the head of a family, or is twenty-one years of age, and that such application is made for his or her exclusive use and benefit, and those especially mentioned herein, and not either directly or indirectly for the use or benefit of any other person or persons whomsoever; and upon making the affidavit as herein required, and filling it with the register, he or she shall thereupon be permitted to enter the quantity of land specified; provided, that no certificate shall be given or patent issued therefor until the expiration of five years from the date of such entry, and until the person or persons entitled to the land so entered shall have paid for the same twenty-five cents per acre, or if the lands have been in market more than twenty years, twelve and a half cents per acre; and if, at the expiration of such time, the person making such entry shall prove by two credible witnesses that he or she has continued to reside upon and cultivate said land, and still reside upon the same, then, in such case, he or she shall be entitled to a patent, as in other cases provided for by law; and all such persons as are specified in the eighth section, and who are now settled upon lands subject to entry by this act, shall be entitled to its benefits upon the expiration of five years from the date of such settlement. The benefits of this and the preceding section of this act shall be extended to the settlers upon the public lands in California, upon payment of one dollar per acre.

The tenth section provides that the register of the land office shall keep a register of all entries, and make return thereof to the General Land Office. The eleventh section provides that any person who may have filed his or her affidavit of an intention to settle a quarter section of land under the provisions of this act may at any time acquire title thereto by paying the full graduated price for the same. But no person or persons shall be allowed to file a declaration of intention to settle, for the purpose of claiming the benefit of the provisions of this act, in regard to five years actual settlement, after the State shall have purchased, or taken as pre-emptor, the class in which said lands lie.

FROM THE UNION OF SUNDAY. THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE—THE CAPE FEAR RIVER BILL APPROVED.

The bill recently passed by Congress appropriating one hundred and forty thousand dollars for the further improvement of Cape Fear river in North Carolina, was signed on yesterday by the President and returned to the Senate. It is well known that this measure differs from the ordinary propositions to make appropriations for the improvement of rivers and harbors, in the fact that the obstruction in Cape Fear river is the result of an act of our government. This feature in the case was well understood in both houses of Congress, and contributed largely to the passage of the bill. If the fact alluded to had been stated in the bill, its approval by the President would have required no explanatory message; but in consequence of this omission, it was incumbent on him, to prevent mis-constructions or erroneous inferences, to accompany his approval with the statement of the reason on which it was given. The reason assigned by the President addresses itself so forcibly to the common sense of every man that it cannot fail to be entirely satisfactory. This act cannot be regarded as a precedent, except in cases where the government, as in this case, has caused the obstruction. In all such cases the propriety of the appropriation will be readily conceded. We need scarcely add that the approval of the Cape Fear bill, under the circumstances, cannot be construed into a recognition by the President of the power to make appropriations by Congress for rivers and harbors generally. The following is the message of the President, accompanied by the bill:

To the Senate of the United States: I have this day given my signature to the act "making further appropriation for the improvement of the Cape Fear river, North Carolina."

The occasion seems to render it proper for me to deviate from the ordinary course of announcing the approval of bills by an oral and, for the purpose of preventing any misapprehension which might otherwise arise from the phraseology of this act, to communicate, in writing, that my approval is given to it on the ground that the obstructions, which the proposed appropriation is intended to remove, are the result of acts of the general government.

FRANKLIN PIERCE.

WASHINGTON, July 22, 1854.

1850—1852.

In the gubernatorial Election of 1850,

when Reid and Manly ran, the following

was the vote:

Reid 44,845

Manly 42,071

Reid's majority 2,774

In 1852, when Reid and Kerr were

the candidates, the vote was:

Reid 48,484

Kerr 42,993

Reid's majority 5,491

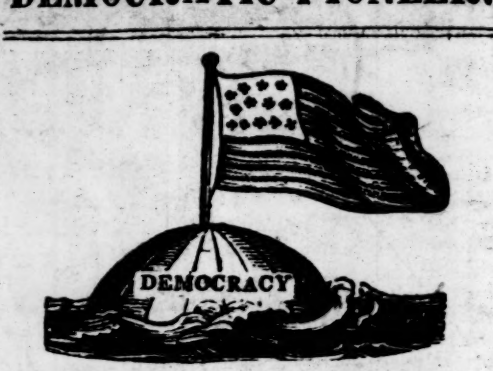
Some of the Whigs of North Carolina complained lustily and grievously over the fact of our having the name of the next Governor of North Carolina in a conspicuous place in the weekly. Yet these same Whigs had to send all the way to Portsmouth to obtain persons to organize a Know Nothing Council to help their whiggery out. Talk about Virginia interference no more Mr. Register.—Portsmouth Globe.

Dr. South says that many a man runs his head against a pulpit who might have done his country excellent service at the plough.

To keep skippers out of bacon in the summer; Eat your meat early in the spring. We never knew it to fail.

The editor of the Culpepper Observer wishes to unite himself to an Owe-Nothing Society, and hopes all his subscribers will do likewise.

DEMOCRATIC PIONEER.



TUESDAY MORNING, AUG. 1, 1854.

FOR GOVERNOR,
THOMAS BRAGG, ESQ.,
Of Northampton.

FOR SENATE,
JAMES C. SKINNER,
Of Perquimans.

For House of Commons,
WILSON SPENCE,
Of Pasquotank County.

THE RETURNS.—Our friends at the different precincts of the several counties are requested to furnish us with the elections returns at their earliest convenience. In this way we shall be able to announce the result to all much sooner than otherwise.

LAST APPEAL!

To the work! friends—to the work! On Thursday next (day after to-morrow) the great battle will be fought—the great question will be decided, whether the ship of State shall be guided by Democratic or Whig hands. That day will decide the fate of Free Suffrage, and determine whether this most important measure shall become a part of the law of the land; for if the Democratic party triumph, it triumphs also—but if the Whig party succeeds, then Free Suffrage fails, or worse than fails. That day will also decide whether or not we shall have an open Convention foisted upon us with all its untold evils to our best interests and dearest rights. That day will decide whether the basis of representation—the basis of distributing the Literary Fund, shall be changed, so as to transfer more power and money from the East to the West; for if the Whigs triumph, an open Convention—a destroying monster to Eastern interests—will be the consequence—and its consequences will be read in the annihilation of Eastern interests! That day will decide whether Thomas Bragg or Alfred Dockery shall be Governor of North Carolina for the ensuing two years. These are matters of vast moment!

BROTHER DEMOCRATS! are you ready for the fight? Is your armor bright, and are you prepared to advance to the charge with a resolution never to submit or yield, and with a fixed determination to bear aloft in triumph the proud old flag of Democracy—that flag beneath which you have so often rallied, and which has been rendered glorious as well by the association of the gallant deeds and noble performances of its devotees, as by the honored principles inscribed upon its folds.

Remember! that in time gone by you have gone to the charge with all the concentrated armor of a Grecian phalanx and all the resolute firmness of a Roman legion! Remember! that side by side you have fought the good fight; and, whether overtaken by disaster or crowned with victory, that proud flag still waved in the breeze, to cheer and animate you—your fair escutcheon was still preserved pure—your principles firm as the adamantine hills, were still animate and vigorous—your good name was untarnished!

ARE YOU READY? Then on to the charge! Pour a broadside into the hosts of Federalism; take them fore and aft; and with the watchwords of BRAGG, FREE SUFFRAGE AND VICTORY, MARCH ON TO CERTAIN TRIUMPH!

WITHDRAWAL OF MR. HINTON!

Edgar L. Hinton, Esq., the regular nominee of the caucus Whigs of this county, has withdrawn from the contest! This leaves the field to Messrs. Spence, Richardson and Mann. What will be the effect of this movement? Our calculation, based upon very reliable data, is, that Mr. H.'s vote will be divided between Messrs. Spence and Richardson—the Democratic candidate and the Whig candidate. The regular Whigs prefer anybody's election to Mr. Mann's—hence they will vote to defeat him. We have heard leading Whigs say they would rather see Mr. Spence elected than Mr. Mann.

With all the lights before us, we do not hesitate to express the confident belief, that if the Democracy will but make "a long pull—a strong pull, and a pull all together" for Mr. Spence, he will be elected! What a glorious consummation! Let us work for it!

VOTE EARLY.

Brother Democrats! let us march up to the polls on Thursday, and vote early! We are not afraid or ashamed to hang our banner on the "outer wall," to the gaze of all. Let us then be promptly at our posts—let us vote first, and devote the rest of the day to work.

Timothy Gilbert, Esq., has withdrawn from the contest for a seat in the House of Commons from this county.

WHICH WILL YOU TRUST?

Men of the East! you know THOMAS BRAGG. You know him for a true man—an able statesman, and a pure patriot. He lives among you. He is identified with you in feeling, and in interest. His sympathies are with you. He is sound upon those questions involving your rights and interests. With him at the helm of State, there would be no risk to run—but all would move smoothly and safely on, so far at least as the Governor can secure that end. You know Thomas Bragg, and you can TRUST HIM.

Alfred Dockery is a stranger among you. You do not know him. He hails from a section whose interests and sympathies are in a great measure opposed to yours. It is natural to expect that he will do what he can to foster the interests and pander to the prejudices of his own section. He represents Western sentiments and Western interests. The Whigs of the West want a Convention—they want the basis of representation changed—they want the basis of distributing the school fund changed. Elect Alfred Dockery, and these things will surely come to pass, if a Convention is called. Elect Thomas Bragg, and a Convention cannot be called. Your rights and interests will be safe. Which will you trust—the man whom you know and who lives among you, or the man from the West, whose constituents desire to rob you of your just power. Speak out your decision on Thursday!

MR. JOSEPH M. COX.

"Let justice be done though the heavens fall," is our motto; and if we have done injustice to the gentleman whose name heads this article, we cheerfully give him the benefit of his own defence. We never charged Mr. Cox with accepting the nomination—we said he "permitted himself to be nominated." He does not deny this—but says no "declined." How? He certainly took time to consider the nomination—he held it under advisement. At least we have been so informed by prominent Whigs. We do not see how Mr. Cox could "take no part in the meeting," and yet "oppose the making of the nomination" of himself. That seems to be just a little contradictory. However, we esteem Mr. Cox as a gentleman, and have not the slightest desire to affect his sensibilities. Here is his letter of vindication:

HERTFORD, July 22d 1854.

L. D. STARKE, Esq.—Sir: In your paper of 18th inst., when speaking of the "inextricable snarl" in which you were the Whigs of this District to be, you say: "Mr. Cox waited upon Dr. Jenkins; tendered him the nomination of one Convention, received his acceptance, and then turned right around and permitted himself to be nominated by the Convention at which he was personally present." &c.

I conclude you were misinformed, or such an untrue statement would not have appeared in your paper. These are the facts—I cordially united with others in soliciting Dr. Jenkins to allow his name to be used in connection with the Senatorial nomination, and received his consent. A few days thereafter I was nominated by a meeting held at Union Hall, which nomination I declined. I took no part in the meeting and opposed the making of the nomination.

Your statement does me injustice. It represents me as acting with duplicity. I ask you therefore to publish this note in your next issue, and call such attention to it as your sense of justice may dictate.

Your obt. servt.

JOS. M. COX.

A discussion was held in this town on Saturday between Messrs. Mann, Richardson and Spence, candidates for the House of Commons. The two first named gentlemen seemed especially pitted against each other, and, in a good-humored way, said some very hard things of one another. (Mr. Richardson announced that the understanding was, that if either candidate got mad, the company should whip him!) Mr. Spence very happily observed in his remarks, that if the half that these gentlemen said of each other were true, neither was fit to represent the county!

Mr. S. took no part in the contest between these gentlemen: but gave a clear and satisfactory exposition of some of his views, and appealed to his party to support him as the Democratic candidate.

During the discussion, Dr. Speed and Mr. Brooks found occasion to pitch into Mr. Mann. Dr. S. was evidently mad; but not being a candidate, he did not come within the purview of the whipping law. Mr. Brooks was evidently "in the mood" for a terrific onslaught—but everything being satisfactorily explained, he desisted.

FRIENDS! to the breach! Now's the day and now's the hour! Devote one day to your party and your principles. Turn out en masse on Thursday next, and bend your whole energies to the work of advancing your cause. Throw your whole soul into the contest, and strike one great, decisive blow for BRAGG AND VICTORY!

AMENDE HONORABLE.—We stated last week (upon what we supposed to be reliable authority) that Mr. Winslow, the Whig candidate for this Senatorial District, owned no slaves. We have since been informed that this is an error; and, as we would not willingly do injustice to any man, we hasten to make the correction.

READ! READ!

STARTLING DEVELOPMENTS!

MR. WINSLOW

Positively refuses to avow his position on the Nebraska Bill! Voters of Pasquotank and Perquimans read the following important letter. It will be seen that, at a discussion in Perquimans county, Mr. Skinner called upon his competitor, Mr. Winslow, to know whether he (Mr. W.) had answered certain queries addressed to him, touching his position on the Nebraska Bill. Mr. W. had not answered them! Mr. S. demanded the reason. Mr. W. replied that no responsible name was appended to them. (He has no idea of being catechised by newspaper correspondents!) Mr. S. then assumed the responsibility of asking Mr. Winslow whether he was, or is, in favor of or opposed to the Nebraska Bill. Mr. Winslow replied, that HE DECLINED TO ANSWER!!! Mr. S. then asked him why he declined to answer; and Mr. W. REFUSED TO ASSIGN ANY REASON WHATSOEVER!

Fellow-citizens! beware of a man who refuses to answer a simple question touching your most vital interests. The Nebraska Bill was a great Southern measure; and Mr. Winslow refuses to say whether he is in favor of or opposed to it! Trust no man with your interests who refuses boldly to show his hand! Read! read!

HERTFORD, July 20, 1854.

Mr. L. D. STARKE—Dear Sir: In a meeting to-day between Mr. Nathan Winslow and myself, before the people at Mr. Jas Goodwin's Schoolhouse, I asked Mr. Winslow (as I had not seen the last No. of the Old North State) if he had answered the questions propounded to him in the No. of the 22d July, by a Whig, whether he was or is now opposed to, or in favor of the Nebraska Bill; to which he responded he had not. I then inquired why he had not; the query coming from a political friend and through his party organ. He replied that there was no name attached thereto, which could give it responsibility. I then remarked to him that I would assume the responsibility now of repeating the question, and that I awaited his answer; he replied, saying, he declined to answer, and upon my asking why he declined to answer me, he refused to give any reasons.

My excuse for troubling you, is that I deem this an important matter, and as the canvass is now over I have no other opportunity of bringing it before the people.

Very respectfully, yours,

JAS. C. SKINNER.

DEMOCRATS OF PASQUOTANK.

We appeal to you to stand to your arms! Remember your ancient faith, your cherished principles, and your glorious associations! Remember, that you have fought side by side in many a conflict, and shared like brothers a common fate. Will the veterans of the cause who have grown grey in the service of Democracy, suffer themselves to be seduced from their allegiance by the wily arts of a cunning adversary? Never! we will not—we cannot believe it. Then let us to the breach, with a wild shout for BRAGG, SKINNER, and SPENCE!

A SINGLE VOTE may decide the issue of Thursday next—a single vote! Let no Democrat falter in his duty—but let each one act as if the responsibility of success or defeat rested solely upon his individual head!

The time for argument has passed. Let us to work! Let Thursday next be signalized by a cordial, hearty and enthusiastic effort on the part of the Democracy to work out the political redemption of Pasquotank county from Federal thraldom! Let us work for it.

Great results can only be achieved by great exertions; and the glory of an achievement consists in the successful overcoming of difficulties. The proud boast of an American is, that valor won their independence over superior members.

Brother Democrats of Pasquotank! we appeal to you to display your valor on Thursday, and, by great exertions, to achieve a great result, of which you will ever after be proud.

STATES RIGHTS REGISTER AND NATIONAL ECONOMIST.—This is the title of a new paper just started in Washington City, by C. G. Baylor, Esq., the first No. of which is before us. Mr. Baylor acquired a well-merited distinction by his able management of the "Cotton Plant" and Baltimore "Times;" and brings with him to the conduct of the "Register" valuable experience, great energy and decided talents. The "Register" is thoroughly Democratic—ardently devoted to Southern rights and institutions, and in favor of the acquisition of Cuba.

BALL AT NAG'S HEAD.

By reference to our advertising columns, it will be seen that a grand Ball will be given at Nag's Head on the 10th inst. The Hotel is already crowded—but when the election is over, there will be large accessions of the beauty and gallantry of this section of the State to the company. From the well-devised programme, and the ample arrangements made to carry it into execution, we anticipate for the visitors at Nag's Head a most brilliant entertainment on the 10th.

SENATOR HUNTER'S HOME-STEAD BILL.

We give elsewhere a synopsis of the main features of the substitute offered by Senator Hunter to the Homestead Bill which has been pending some time. Though Mr. Hunter's substitute is not entirely free from objection, it is yet perhaps the best that could be got under existing circumstances. It is drafted with a skill evincive of a high order of statesmanship, and one evidence—and not a weak one—of the character of the bill may be seen in the fact that it commanded the vote of every Democratic Senator, and passed that body with only eleven dissenting voices. The graduation principle is one of the most interesting features of the bill; as, also, is that which gives precedence to the States in which lands lie to pre-empt said lands, in preference to individuals.

For the "Pioneer."

Mr. Editor:—A space in some part of your paper I request. The attention of voters, in this section of the State, I wish for a few moments.

The hour, fellow-citizens, is approaching for you to cast your suffrages for Governor, and members of the Legislature. I call upon, and exhort you, Democrats, to vindicate the honor of this section of the State. You have now a fair opportunity. Dissension has sprung up in the Whig camp. Messrs Richardson and Mann, fellow Democrats, have no claims upon you, save perhaps that of personal friendship. Now will you when such a fair opportunity is presented to you, to secure the election of a good Democrat, will you, I say, prove recreant to your party and principles and support those gentlemen upon the ground of personal friendship alone? Let not such opinions have dominion over you. Your party have a prior claim upon you, and I appeal to you by every consideration of principle and of policy, to stand by it, and battle manfully for its rights. Remember that with you rests the honor to deliver your county from the blighting influence of Federalism. Remember that the all-important subject of Free Suffrage will be brought before the Legislature again, and if you do not do your duty, if you do not support the man whom your party by convention has nominated, then indeed will you prove recreant to the cause of right and justice, and you and your children will lose that "golden prize"—the right to vote, forever.

And you who are temperance men, will you abandon your party and beloved principles, and thus weaken the links which bind you together, and vote for a gentleman who has no sympathy for your party, and no fellowship with it? No! No! you cannot be so lost to reason and self-respect as to hang back and not assist your party when such a glorious opportunity is presented to you to attack the Whig phalanx and carry destruction into their camp. Then let me entreat you to work earnestly for so noble a cause. Shoulder to shoulder struggle on, and fight manfully, and when your day's toil is over, you will find that your exertions have been crowned with success, and that happiness will redound to you and yours, for your labor.

EPES.

[For the Pioneer.]
TO THE DEMOCRATS OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Brother Democrats, the time is close at hand, when you are called upon to cast your suffrages for one of North Carolina's gifted sons. Thomas Bragg is the Democratic candidate for Governor of the Old North State—a man every way deserving your suffrages. He is a gentleman of sound views, and if elected, will approve of such measures as are calculated to promote the peace and prosperity of this country. Mr. Bragg is known to you all, to be a sterling advocate of free suffrage; he is opposed to the distribution of the proceeds of the sales of the public lands.

Remember those glorious principles you inherited from your revolutionary sires. On Thursday, the 3d day of August, go to your different precincts, go to the ballot-box, and there deposit your votes for the gallant Bragg of Northampton. After you have voted, try and get your neighbors to go and do likewise. Rally around your standard-bearer. Let your watchwords be Bragg and victory. Never, never let it be said that such a man as Thomas Bragg was defeated through the inactivity of the Democrats of North Carolina. Hurrah for Thomas Bragg! Three cheers for Bragg and victory!

CAMDEN.

A NEW AND MOST IMPORTANT TREATY BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND RUSSIA!

For some time past we have heard of inklings falling from members of the diplomatic corps, in this city, crediting the American Secretary of State and the Russian Charge with being immersed in the negotiation of a treaty of neutrality between the two Powers. We learn, this morning—from a similar source—that such a treaty has actually been successfully negotiated and will probably have been formally signed to-day, by the hour at which we go to press. This treaty, as we understand it, covers and guarantees—as between the great Power of the European continent and that of the Western Hemisphere—all the important principles

which this Government incorporates—or, rather, to effect similar treaties in other countries, in France, it will be declining, so far, to treat with States on such a subject as formally declared their independence governed throughout the European war by the principles of international law, and the principles of our. We have heard that Russia, having the power of taking advantage of stipulations with the United States by her great antagonists, war, they, too, will have formally the views which the above explained, internally, which should govern the enlightened nations in this unfortunate, engaged in the. The principles which this new treaty first are, of course, those for entered into the family of in defence of which, in took up arms in 1812. triumph—as in this true importance to the future, merce than can now be The negotiation of this another to the remarkably, and important achievements, American State Department present head, which has accomplished more solid peaceful the people of the United States were ever before achieved by a branch of this Government presidential term of four years strike all, on reflecting upon of such successful negotiations late have transpired.—Star

"PUNCH ON BONNETS"—The number of Punch contains a picture at the distance at which they will be worn from their next remove. The tendency, their rearward, and the Punch thinks, will carry the head entirely; so he represents a head by two young ladies, and a barbed; sailing along with a footman walking behind them, carrying the barbed water."

We are requested, by many, to announce DANIEL RICHARDSON, Temperance Candidate, (as proposed for a seat in the House of Commons) to Miss EMMA MARTIN, wife of

MARRIED.

In Norfolk Wednesday morning at the Granby street Methodist Rev. Dr. Doggett, JOHN CHAMBERLAIN, Esq., to Miss EMMA MARTIN, wife of

NORFOLK MARKET.

SATURDAY, JULY 23.

BACON—Virginia and N. C. new 84c; Hams new 84c; Yellow Corn—White 80c; Yellow Mixed 75c; WHEAT—Red, \$1.50; white \$1.40; FLOUR—\$8 to \$8.50; CLAXEED—\$1.30; PORK—Mess, \$15; Prime, \$13 a 14; STAVES—W. O. Pine \$5; W. O. Hhd. \$4.14; R. O. hhd \$36 a \$50; W. O. Heading, \$70; Rough W. O. bbl. \$5; TAR—Black, \$3.50; COTTON—\$3 a 9 cents; LARD—10c; PEAS—B. E. \$1.08; etc.

MARINE REPORT.

ELIZABETH CITY, N. C. A. For the week ending July 23.

Schr. Lucent, Partridge, from Eliz. Cowell, Griggs, Osprey, Alexander, T. R. Cobb, Davis, M. P. Ivey, Hopkins, L. D. Starke, Hays, Stagg, Sawyer, from Coon, Toler, from Bound, Capps, from Elijah Lydell, from Nath. Taylor, Cradick, from W. B. Burgess, Rongt SAILED.

Schr. A. C. Williams, Ballant, Ann Hunter, Purdy, A. R. Elliott, Brothers, Columbia, Brantly, Grace, Wm. Jones, Bonch, J. C. Adaline, Bundy, J. C. Calhoun, Ives, Catharine, Walker, Fanny, French, Cornicorary, Griffin, Georgiana, Dowdy, Martha, Brothers, W. W. Cherry, Waken, S. J. Banight, Forbes, Grace Garnett Owens, Wm. A. Graham, Gray, SAILED.

BALL AT NAG'S HEAD.

THERE WILL BE A BALL AT NAG'S HEAD ON THURSDAY, 10th of August 1854. Subscription to Ball \$3. MANAGERS. Dr. William Armstrong, Alex. Dixon, Joshua Skinner, Elbridge Leary, Dr. Dilard, Edward Lee, H. C. Skinner, Col. Edw. Jones, James Garrett, Peter Smith, Abram Riddick.

LOST.

A LARGE GOLD PENCIL (the name of the subscriber) letters on the side. A liberal given. F. S. PRO

STRAW CUTTERS.

SINCLAIR'S SCREW PRESS. Straw Cutters. Price \$2.50. Shucks, Fodder, Oats and all kinds of stock, in the best manner. Also our new straw cutters, very simple, and cuts all kinds of straw. Harvey's Raw Hide Cutter, Boston cheap for sale at Factory prices. Wheat and Corn Fans, all sizes and prices to suit. BORUM & M. Farmer's Head Quarters, No. 100 No. 100 Va.

